THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

VOL. I. MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 10, 1831. No. 8.

Vision.

THE light which Philosophy has shed on the various branches of natural science, while it reflects much honor on the powers of the mind, and has contributed in an important degree to the happiness of mankind, has at the same time, by revealing the limits of that darkness which yet envelopes many of the operations of nature, shewn that beyond a certain point, man, in all the pride of intellect, and with all the enthusiasm which curiosity can inspire, attempts in vain to advance.

The Philosopher, even in the midst of the most flattering success, stimulated to fresh ardor by discoveries which mark him in the minds of the admiring multitude as one of a higher order of beings, is met at every step by new obstacles which forbid him to cherish the slightest emotion of vanity, and continually remind him of the vast disproportion there is between the little he knows and the much of which he feels he must ever remain ignorant.—But, however manifest the folly of that man who should be vain of those very labors and that partial success which have taught him most convincingly his own imbecility, not less absurd would be the reasoning which should draw thence the conclusion that all Philosophy is useless and despicable.

The study of nature is at once pleasant and profitable—nor is it the less so because part of the delighful volume must remain unread. Aside from the consideration that it is the legitimate effect of sound Philosophy to enlarge our conceptions of the wisdom and benevolence of the Great Author of Nature, the *practical* benefits which have resulted to the world from the labors of learned men in the cause of science have not been few nor trifling. Men of science in all ages have devoted a large share of their attention and labor to the explanation of the phenomena of Vision. And though the united researches of Anatomists, Mathematicians, and physical Philosophers had failed to discover the precise nature of the connection between matter and mind, and to reveal the ultimate steps of the process by which the mind arrives at the perception of external objects through the medium of light, yet they have served to increase the extent of the pleasure derived from this sense, and will ever be remembered as the source of important improvement in the condition of man.

Various theories of vision have found supporters among the learned of different ages. The Platonists and Stoics held the opinion that rays of light were emitted from the eye; which rays, uniting with the light of the atmosphere, "took hold as it were" of external objects and returned to the eye, so altered and modified by the contact as to cause the perception of the object. The followers of Epicurus believed the sensation of light to be occasioned by the constant emanation of species or images from the object to the eye. The Peripatetics held essentially the same doctrine, excepting that the species which the Epicureans believed to be essential, corporeal forms, *they* considered as mere incorporeal images impressed successively on the intervening atmosphere until they reached the eye These theories, and others of a like indefinite nature, were the only offspring of ancient philosophy- Long and violent disputes, concerning mere terms, and those, of obscure and doubtful signification and the obstinate defence of loose theories unsupported by facts, and unintelligible even to their authors, were reasons not the most likely to effect the discovery of truth. A careful analysis of the internal structure of the organ of sight, and a course of reasoning founded on actual experiment have led to the general adoption of a more definite and rational theory. It is now universally admitted, that rays of light proceeding from the several parts of an object, undergo certain changes in their passage through the transparent parts of the eye by which they are collected and made to form an exact image of the object on a membrane adapted to their reception, which image, by some process with which we are unacquainted, causes in the mind, the perception of the object. Though this analysis falls far short of a complete developement of the process of vision, and though insuperable difficulties rise up to perplex the inquirer at every step of his progress in the study of this interesting branch of natural science, it is unquestionable that the world is both wiser and happier for the optical discoveries of a Kepler, a Galileo, a Newton, and a Herschel. The single discovery that light is refracted in a particular manner in passing thro' substances of a certain figure and density—the same property on which vision has been discovered to depend, has led to the invention of the Telescope. Galileo, who by having first announced this discovery to the world, has gained

a reputation unperishing as it is unchallenged, was led to suspect that a number of glasses of different refractory powers, might be so arranged, as to increase the apparent magnitude of distant objects. He made the experiment, and the Telescope appeared! and with it sprung into new existence, planets, and suns, and worlds, which its magic power revealed, I had almost said created, to astonish our delighted vision.—While the Telescope enables us to direct our admiring gaze towards other worlds, and in the vastness even of the *visible* Universe, to see our own comparative insignificance, the *Microscope* points out to us the minutest wonders of creation. By its aid we discover life and activity on every leaf, and on every pebble, and in a space, narrower than our unassisted vision could discern, we see multitudes of animate beings, capable like ourselves, of pleasure and pain, and managing the concerns of their brief existence with skilful regularity. Many interesting discoveries have been made with regard to the nature and phenomena of light. It is now generally supposed to consist of particles of matter, which are constantly emitted from the Sun and other luminious bodies. The extreme minuteness of the particles of light, the rapidity of their motion, and the many wonderful properties it has been found to possess render it a highly interesting object of speculation and experiment. The discovery made by the immortal Newton of the different refrangibility of the rays of light forms a new and bright era in the history of optics. It had never been doubted that the solar light was simple and uncompounded. But Newton proved by conclusive experiments that each ray is composed of seven parts, each differently refrangible, and exhibiting a different color. He exposed to the solar light a glass prism, so constructed as to refract the rays without collecting them in a focus; and the result was a separation of each ray into its several parts according to their different degrees of refrangibility.

"First the flaming red
"Sprung vivid forth: the tawny orange next;
"And next delicious yellow—by whose side
"Fell the kind beams of all refreshing green:
"Then the pure blue that swells autumnal skies
"Etherial play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
"Emerg'd the deeper indigo, as when
"The heavy skirted evening drops with frost,
"While the last gleamings of refracted light
"Dy'd in the fainting violet away."

Having thus succeeded in decomposing a ray of light he unites its several parts by causing them to pass through another prism, by which process he produced the original colorless, or solar light, and establised beyond all reasonable doubt, the truth of this theory.

But the most interesting property of light is, its subserviency to vision, considered as the medium by which objects are rendered visible, and are therefore, intimately connected with the rich variety of blessings conferred on us by the sense of sight, it cannot fail to excite our attention and call forth our warmest gratitude to Him who in bestowing it and giving us the power of enjoying the pleasure it affords, has conferred that, without which his other gifts, rich in number and variety as they are, would have been comparatively useless.

To attempt an examination of the blessings derived from this sense, were an endless and a needless task.—The reflecting mind will readily perceive its influence in every transaction, and every enjoyment of life. Without it we should know comparatively nothing of the external world:—the beauties of nature and art would no longer delight us; and danger in a thousand forms, would approach us unnoticed and unresisted.—Are our hearts gladdened by the sight of friends? and do we delight to gaze on features endeared to us by affection—and even in their absence to recal their loved image to our memory? But for this sense our friends, and our enemies would be alike undistingushable, the human countenance would no longer present to us at a glance the various emotions of the soul and we should live, if, indeed, the continuance of existenee were possible, not as now, social, active, and happy beings, but solitary and in darkness. Those who have suffered the *loss* of sight can speak most truly and most feelingly of its worth. They can compare their present state of gloom and loneliness with the happier hours when all nature smiled around them, and when each morning brought with it light, life and joyousness to their souls. The Poet Milton, who "seems to have looked back on that loveliness of nature from which he was separated with the melancholly readiness with which the thoughts of the unfortunate and the sorrowful still revert to past enjoyments—thus describes his unhappy condition after the loss of his sight."

"With the year
"Seasons return—but not to me return
"Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n, or morn,
"Or sight of vernal bloom, or summers rose,
"Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
"But clouds instead, and everduring dark
"Surrounds me: from the cheerful ways of men
"Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
"Presented with an universal blank
"Of nature's works, to me expurg'd and raz'd,
"And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out." C.

A virtuous education, and habits of industry, make a better inheritance for children than a great estate. We are very solicitous to acquire property, but too often care but little what sort of heirs we leave it to.

Drawn by C. Burton.

Engraved by J. Smillie.

New York, BOURNE, Broadway.

"Long time Jerusalem had stood."

Drawn & Engraved

by James Smillie.

New York, BOURNE, Broadway.

Destruction of Jerusalem.

August 31.—*A. D.* 70.—*By* TITUS VESPASIAN.

I.

Woe to thee, City! Woe! For wrath divine
Hath seal'd thy sentence. And thou, Palestine!
Wail thy lost Queen—her ravaged temples wail—
Her slaughter'd citizens; and bid each gale
Death-scented summon to their horrid feast,
The famished raven and the mountain beast;
Let hollow groans with famished howls arise,
Swell on the breeze and greet thy sullen skies.
Wrath, famine, sorrow, pestilence, despair,
Groan on the earth and echo on the air,
While the fierce trumpet and the battle brand
Cry thee thy doom and show the hour at hand.

II.

Long time Jerusalem had stood; and long
Had heard her woes predicted; but like song
Of owls she deem'd them which for aye bode ill,
And like to wild dogs on the oak-crown'd hill
Of Carmel did her holy prophets seem,
And their predictions like the dismal scream
Of wild hyenas or the boding crow,
Which sings one song and that a song of woe.
Alas, no more! for now the Gentile foe
Mount the tall tower and wield the brazen bow—
Now ply the catapult, and now her walls
Bend to the oaken ram—the turret falls,
And in the tumbling ruin sweeps amain,
In mingled death, the slayers and the slain.

III.

Hush'd is the din of war:—the Roman band
Aghast, stood motionless, while o'er the land
Sepulchral silence brooded; still on high,
Above the City, spread an azure sky;
A mystic spell had bound the tainted air,
And utter stillness reign'd around, save where
Some soldier, wounded, heav'd the last long sigh—
Thought of his home and stretch'd him out to die.

IV.

Long time Jerusalem had stood:—and still
On Mount Moriah, and on Zion Hill
Her temples, palaces and princely domes,
Cheer her thinn'd ranks; their altars and their homes
Wake in their breasts the spirit which defies
All force except the vengeance of the skies.

V.

Still daylight lingers, and yet stillness reigns;
Strew'd o'er the City, and the battle plains,
Lay weltering corses, and their clotter'd blood
Drench'd the deep fosse and tinged the frighted flood
Of Kidron's holy stream; and yet no sound
Of wailing rises, but in awe profound,
Each gazes fearfully on that strange cloud,
At whose unearthly brightness the most proud
Quail in mute horror and astonishment.
With dust upon their heads and mantles rent;
Then shrieking loud, they call on minaret,
On terrace, battlement, and parapet—
Aught that might crush them and a screen afford
From the dread sheen of that fell flaming sword,
Which blaz'd on high and shot terrific fire—
The sign of woe and harbinger of ire.

VI.

Night robed in blackness, chaos in dismay,
Now chased from mountain-tops the mournful day.
Storm-clouds arose—winds murmured; and the sun
Sunk as if glad his daily task was done.
Up the cold cliffs on old Libanus' side,
The rock-goats scramble—the strong eagles glide,
Lur'd by the glitter of eternal snow,
They hie to 'scape the gath'ring storm below.
Far in the south now moan the Asphaltic waves,
Start from dead calm, and from their pitchy caves
Low throttled sounds come up, as when at first
Those imp'ous cities, and those men accurst,
By their foul crimes provoked avenging wrath,
And all plunged howling in the gulf of death.

VII.

The truce is ended to destruction given—
Fierce darting lightnings rend the vault of heaven—
Sheet after sheet in swift succession falls
On those dark clouds, as on the sable walls
Of Pandemonium, the fitful glare
Enhances gloom with pictures of despair.
Now all is dark again, save o'er the dead
Where putrid gas-light glimmers palely red;
And where that fearful sword's appaling blaze
Beams o'er the throng, and to their upward gaze
Soul-sick'ning scenes and horrid sights displays.

VIII.

Borne on the breeze along the atmosphere,
Wan elfin sprites and grinning ghosts appear;
Which to the thunder mutt'ring from afar,
Respond in echo—"Famine, death, and war,
To the rebellious city!" Now, again,
Thronging hosts of war-accoutred men
Swift scale the bastioned clouds in frantic mood,
Close in fierce fight and eager thirst for blood.
Gaunt hounds of malice, now the Arab clan,
Foes to themselves and enemies to man,
With deaf'ning gibber and wild battle-cry,
On their wing'd chargers sweep along the sky.

IX.

But look! On high, above the tallest spire,
From out the temple, images of fire
Bear slowly upward through the blackened space
The ark of promise and the sacred vase
Which held the bread of heav'n; and like in form
To mournful angels, rise above the storm;
Amid whose din their soft celestial strains
Float in sad numbers o'er Judea's plains—
"Woe to thee, City! Woe; For wrath divine
"Hath seal'd thy sentence, and to fiends malign
"Thy holy temple 's giv'n, and ere the sun
"Looks on the scene, the work of wrath is done."

X.

Till now the Israelites, in sullen pride,
The wrath of men and demons had defied,
But at that sight wild shrieks of horror rose,
And stifled sobs of deep unutter'd woes;
Down drop their idle weapons, and the walls
Ring with the engines and the taunting calls
Of ruthless foemen eager for the fight;
While dizzy death and sable wing'd affright
Grin in wild joy and point the lurid flame
Which on the turrets of the temple came,
And that razed City, doom'd of God to be,
Of time, the wonder through eternity. FLORIAN.

The Legal Profession.—No. II.

To be fully sensible of the responsible station which the American jurist is called upon to occupy, and the consequent necessity of vigorous exertion and unyielding application, to enable him to perform acceptably the duties devolving upon him, it is only necessary to recur, for an instant, to the history of our republic in those momentous crises, in which it has been justly observed that the Union itself was at the mercy of a single individual. As the mariner with gloomy pleasure casts his mind back to scenes of peril, when the frail vessel, tossed upon the troubled ocean, was one moment borne aloft upon the mountain-wave, the next hurled to the lowest depths, and now with the eye of memory marks the doubt and dismay pictured upon the countenances of all save one, who at that dread hour with calm composure viewed the billows

raging beneath him, and still guided his bark with security as if in defiance of the storm; so do we call up those times to pass in melancholy review, when the ship of state assailed by all the fury of party zeal, borne upon the waves of faction, threatened hourly to be cast upon the quicksands of destruction, was, notwitstanding, directed into the harbor of safety by the skill of an independent Judiciary. If to any thing more than to all else we are indebted for our unexampled prosperity and happiness, it is to the learning and deep research of our Chief Justices. Acting under that excellent article of the Constitution that empowers them to summon even a State to answer for an illegal course pursued towards an individnal,* they have not unfrequently placed a barrier against oppression, and given a check to doctrines whose ultimate consequences must be to render our Union a mere name, and our Congress an Amphyctionic Council.

To illustrate our point without entering into a detailed account of the many cases in which the "sovereign states" have appeared as parties at our Supreme Court, and the almost necessary excitement existing on those occasions, we will bestow a moment's attention upon an occurrence, which, within the recollection of many of us, happened in a neighboring State. It will be perceived that I allude to the period in which New-York claimed the exclusive navigation of the waters within her boundaries. The Legislature had enacted severe laws against any citizen of other states plying a vessel upon her rivers, and the state courts had decided the laws constitutional. Is then a citizen of the United States to suffer punishment for sailing as he supposes upon the public waters of the Union? So for a time, at least, it was thought. But there is one other individual,—a lawyer, no less than the chief judge of the United States Court, whose consent is needed. Fuel is now added to the fire, the press talks loudly of state rights, and the citizens of New-York declare, almost to a man, that that State must withdraw from the Union if the contested privilege is denied them. Alarm prevailed throughout the country, and all waited for the decision of the question with trembling anxiety. But notwithstanding the excitement and threats of disunion, this personage, seated far above the frowns of the most influential, declared the assumed right a violation of the constitution. Will the Legislature, after having solemnly passed an act, regard the opinion of one man? Will the people obey it? or will they treat it with contempt?—No, this voice is heard above the din of party warfare, and is regarded. What an imposing spectacle—even prejudice itself yields a cheerful acquiescence. Perhaps this monarch, like the Russian Autocrat, enforces his mandate by taking the life of any who dares to dissent from its doctrines. No, this humble individual has not a soldier at his command—the fear of mere brute force is unknown to his subjects. Reason but raises her sceptre and opposition is disarmed. When the decision is made, and a lucid and comprehensive argument urged, excitement is allayed, and the most zealous partizans are convinced of their errors. The waves of commotion are calmed, and the cry of disunion no longer is heard. Many are the benefits conferred on society by the physician and divine, but when can they be said like the jurist to avert by a single effort anarchy and civil war, with all their attendant evils, poverty, famine and distress.

VALA.

* This power has lately been denied the Supreme Court by a State,—which presents a case deserving the dispassionate examination of every reflecting man, without regard to party.

Musings.—Oblivion.

Man.—Oblivion, self-oblivion—
Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms,
Ye offer so profusely, what I ask?
Spirit.—It is not in our essence, in our skill;
But—thou may'st die.
Man.—Will death bestow it on me?
Spirit.—We are immortal, and do not forget;
We are eternal; and to us the past
Is, as the future, present. Art thou answered?
Manfred, Act first—Scene first.

Oblivion, self-oblivion, who would seek?
Or who that seeks can gain? Say, what is man?
A breathing spirit—high, immortal, bright—
A mould of clay—low, earth-born and debased—
Heaven-stamped, yet shrouded in a rayless pall
Of mortal, earth-ward loathesomeness. And yet—
And yet, with power within his deathless soul
To hold commnnion with a better world,
Man often clings quietly down to earth.
What is Oblivion? A bottomless
Unbounded gulf, on whose revolting wave
Creeps the blue fitful flame and smoke death-stamp.
Rising, mid-way from out the voiceless pit
Restless, yet sluggishly it circles round,
And all obscures the heart's bright sun of hope.
What is Oblivion? A gloomy night—
Night that lives on and on—or never lives—
Dreamless and skyless—deep, and still, and void.
Night in whose earliest twilight thought expires—
Desire in its own flame consumes itself—
Hope, shuddering at the hideous nothing, shrinks
Back to its shining self, and flits away
Up to its native heaven—its brighter home.
What is Oblivion? A stream, a lake,
On whose dull, shadowless borders, lives, nor herb,
Nor flower, nor ought;—but desolation dark;
And barrenness that, like the tyrant ones
Of earth, stalks grimly forth and fills itself
On the black gloominess itself has made.
What is Oblivion? Forgetfulness.
Forgetfulness? I know it not—it is,
Or is not—or is not for spirit, born
To imortality. This clod may sink,
And must to mingle with the clods of earth—
The soul's eternal fire outlives the things,
The trifling things of earthly, mortal stamp;

And can the soul forget?—itself the spring—
The fire of thought: Imperishable thought;
And shall it light the glorious flame that burns
Forever, then become unconscious quite
Of its undying brightness? Nay, the lines
Of action bright or dark—of thought, or pure,
Or worthless, are engraven, all, upon
The tables of the soul—nor joy, nor long
Untamed despair, nor e'en eternity;
Nor aught of life or death shall e'er erase
The slightest etching on shat fearful scroll.
O, who would taste the sullen wave that drowns
The memory of the past, that presses all
Into the passing present, that lets down
Upon this fleeting ray of hope or joy
A vail, a pall, or curtain, that remains
The mausoleum of departed thought?
Hours I have known whose every moment swells
Into an age of common crime; and these
Were gilded moments, outwardly; but when
The summer sky puts on its deepest blue,
And heaven is loveliest, then, silent and far
In its deep distance lurks the tempest's breath—
When brightnesss beams upon the brow, and love
Upon the curling lips is sweetest,
Then dives the soul, and thought, and feeling, all
That is within the heart's dark chambers, down—
Down to the lowest deeps of damning crime:
The secret thought is sometimes stamped upon
The brow, and ye may read it there; but oft
Light flits o'er darkness, love o'er hate, and life
Puts on its richest beauty as it wings
Its trembling flight above the darkling grave.
Crime that is known in action, has a vent,
And, as the flame that bursts without control,
Exhausted dies, when its full rage is o'er,
Sinking to rest apace, it half expires.
But there are crimes—the sins of soul, that lie
Unseen, within the spirit's secret self.
There, like the hidden fires of earth,
Smoulder and burn till they have circled all
The fibres of the heart, and half consume
The thrilling strings of life; till hope becomes
A senseless name, and joy a shadow is—
Reality a vision, and despair
Reality, and life a weariness.
This have I known—this would I know no more.
Yes, there are hours whose shades flit o'er each tho't
Like clouds upon an autumn sky—as one
Sweeps on, 'tis followed by another still,
And still another. These would I enshroud
In darkness doubly dark, and sink them low
In cold Oblivion's rayless, voiceless tomb.
I would—ah, would—the lover and his love
On Russia's icy plains, would call the streams,
And groves and perfumed paths of Hindoostan,
To bless their passion, or to feed its flame.
The child would have the moon, and man less wise
Would ask forgetfulness. Pleasure may live
No more within the breast—love put on hate—
The finer feelings wrapt together, sleep
Within the cold embrace of selfishness—
Life cling to death, and yet, in life,
Or death, or time, or long eternity,
The spirit must remember. MONTREUIL.

Memory.

"Hail, Memory, hail! In thy exhaustless mine
"From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine;
"Thought and her shadowy brood they all obey,
"And Place and Time are subject to thy sway:
"Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone—
"The only pleasures we can call our own."

MAN is a being who derives the complexion of his character from surrounding circumstances; and whose happiness is affected, in a measure, by external causes. They may be associated with such a train of pleasing ideas as awaken the most delightful emotions, and impart a livelier glow and a keener relish to all our pleasures. They may likewise bring before us the griefs and sorrows of years that are past.—Scenes with which we have been connected in early life, have at times been found to chase away the frightful visions of deluded fancy, and to soothe the delirium of the maniac. Man is not so unsocial in his nature, so wholly wrapt up in his own imaginings, as to become a complete votary to his own airy speculations, regardless of all earthly and common interest, and uninfluenced by the external situation and natural incidents of real life. Outward circumstances operating upon his affections and disposition, constitute the chief part of the little pleasure of which, in the chequered pilgrimage of life, he is destined to be a participant. But, however much external situation may tend to shape the character of man—however much it may confine his hopes and rivet his affections down to objects of earth, yet it must be admitted that there is enjoyment to be derived from sources of an internal nature, of which he himself is conscious, but which he cannot communicate to others—which can be felt, but never uttered. He feels a pleasure in the exercise of his own thoughts—in the operations of his own feelings, almost exclusive of the busy vicissitudes which take place around him. Fancy, with all its enchantments, pictures before him the bright scenery of the future in magic tints.—Perchance she exalts him to the proud halls of distinction—to the gilded temple of fame, where he beholds the great mass of mankind looking up to him with feelings of awe and reverence, perhaps she places him on the renowned hill of science, and ushers him within the very gates of the sanctuary of wisdom. She may lull him in the lap of ease—surround him with opulence and pageantry—make him esteemed among the great and noble of the earth—the favorite of fortune in possession of all the heart holds most dear. These may be said to be the mere reveries then of an overheated imagination, the ideal creations of enthusiasm; but whatever they may be, it is certain that they impart to the mind something of their own romantic tone and coloring. Similar to this, in a great degree, is the effect of the recollection of by-gone days.

There are times in the life of man when, by a series of evils—by being often deceived and duped by fair appearances, every thing seems to lose its loveliness.—When that warm glow of feeling which he was wont to exercise towards others is turned into settled distrust, and his "bosom becomes suspicion's sanctuary." Then he is compelled to look for his joys within himself. This is his happy privilege, and it can

never be taken from him. This he can employ unmolested by the pretended sympathy of others, and with an air of triumph he can smile at the heartless praise of the sycophant, or the malignant attacks of an open enemy. Place him in any condition you cannot control his thoughts, you cannot destroy the recollection of the pleasing past, or quench the lively flame which hope kindles in his bosom. Shut him out from all the endearments of society; make him feel the cold neglect of his fellow species; let him experience calamities the most bitter and misfortunes the most disheartening, you cannot quell the secret workings of the soul—you cannot poison that fountain of enjoyment which lies deep—buried in the heart. The memory of past joys will oftentimes steal over him, and almost forgetting the present, he will seem to enjoy the "far-fled spirit of delight." Memory will not only afford pleasing thoughts of the past, but inspire high-wrought hopes of the future:—

"Like yon fair orb she gilds the hour of night
"With the wild magic of reflected light."

She loves to wing her way back to some bright spot in his being where, ignorant of the unavoidable ills of life, he fancied the world a paradise. She will remind him of the innocent enjoyment of early boyhood, when his heart beat with proud feeling at the thought of one day being a man. He will recollect the high hopes which he then cherished, the prospect which then seemed unclouded before him. He will feel a throb of joy when he calls to mind those sunny days, when flushed with the romance of youth's young feeling, he fancied nature's fairest gifts were showered around him: when he pictured before him the path of futurity, strown with roses of unwithering bloom and undying fragrance. Memory not only revokes the past, but its influence is felt upon time not yet arrived; it not only revives that animated and cheerful tone of feeling which was long since enjoyed, and thereby dissipates the sadness of present realities, but to the calm and reflecting man—to the critical and dispassionate observer, who is not controled by the momentary impulse of excitement, by the fervent and headlong zeal of enthusiastic ardor, it affords a sure rule by which he regulates his fnture action, and elevates his hopes of future honor, usefulness and happiness. By recurring to the past he fixes his thoughts upon some peculiar fortune which has reseued him from situations hazardous to all his enjoyments. He calls to mind, with a mixture of wonder and pleasure, the mysterious accident which preserved him from the formation of a vicious character—from imbibing corrupt principles, and from fostering base and excessive passions, in that period of early life when pleasure h olds forth to her votaries her most enticing charms, and when folly and vice secure their most easy triumphs. Perhaps he remembers some slight change in his condition which turned him aside from that course, which ere long would have conducted him to ignominy, disgrace and wretchedness. As he looks back upon the past, he perceives many narrow escapes from the very verge of what might have proved the ruin of all those amiable qualities to which he now loves to cling. Memory recurs to particular instances of this kind when he was not veered about solely by casual incidents, but used the efforts of his own mind—the power of his own thoughts. With what peculiar feelings he contemplates such instances, when the vortex of dissipation appearing but just before him, and well nigh ready to receive him headlong into its yawning gulf, he, by one struggle—one determined resolve, broke asunder the enslaving fetters of habit, too long indulged, and effected a complete and decisive reformation. The recollections of all these things is not only a source of pleasure, but afford useful and highly important instruction for the future. He sees what prudence and sagacity were necessary to avoid past evils; what effort it requred to overcome and subdue habits and inclinations once fixed upon him. On account of this he looks forward to the future with a steadier purpose and a firmer resolve to shun every appearance of every thing that can impair his integrity, or hold him back from the strict performance of his duty. Finaly, memory enables us to compare the creatures of imagination with those of real life, and by separating the pictures of fancy from stern, sober reality, incites us to act, not for the security of popular applause—not for the meed of human honor, but to alleviate human suffering and to enlighten and bless mankind.

"QUORUM PARS FUI."

Stanzas.

There is a syren harp whose string
Awakes a strain divine!
Ah! listen not those strains, they sing
Of women and of wine.

There is a witch'ry in *her* eye,
A spell within *its* wave—
That is a fearful witchery,
That *spell* unbars the grave.

See ye not something ling'ring round
Her lips when woman smiles,
That tells the spirit it has found
The secret of her wiles?

The lurid colorings of hell
Lie in the darkling wine;
Those col'rings in the goblet, tell
The soul they are divine.

Trust not that sparkling, nor those smiles,
They're treach'rous as the wave
Whose mirror bosom oft beguiles
The sailor to his grave.

Oh! trust them not, the serpent lures
His victim while he sings—
The tiger as he fawns, ensures
His prey before he springs. MONTREUIL.

The First and Last Acquaintance.

He was young
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fullness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons;—that was he!
From "the Leper."

I would not violate the shrine of the heart, nor pollute the memory with unholy sacrifices. I would only let a voice from the home of the departed be heard as I have heard it, in its soul thrilling tones, deep and prophetic. The grave may swallow man from before our eyes—but it cannot veil in its bosom the memory of what he has been.

I sometimes feel that it is indeed true that thought is imperishable, and that association are only necessary to bring each action and feeling of life in bright delineation before us.

Though the ceaseless drippings of time may wear inscription after inscription from the monuments of nations, which were vainly intended as heralds to tell eternity what time had done, they can neither obliterate one trace of the pure impressions of first young friendship, nor erase a line of sombre sorrow, stamped upon the mind in later days. The past constitutes a part of the present, and they are so blended and chained that to separate them would be to tear out the roots of life, and to drive the faculties we are here permitted to exercise to seek a wider ranger than earth and its suburbs.

Youth's volums are impressed with letters of fire, and though they may be sealed and closeted in temporary forgetfulness, yet when we turn their burning pages, the hopes, the fears, the feelings that were once a part of our existence arise to view with fearful distinctness.

'Tis midnight now, and spirits are abroad holding their breathless revels in the halls of deep silence. Nature mantled in thick shade, sleeps, and man floats smoothly on the lake of dreams. At this awful hour I have kneeled at the gushing fountain of gone days and drunken largely of its restless waters. I have read the history of other years on the broad side of yonder heaven, where it is recorded in words of light set round with burning worlds. That record is as true as eternity—it is transcribed in my soul.

The first time that I saw George was fraught with thrilling interest. The country through which we had travelled during the day was by nature for a home of wild and living poetry. The thought-stealing beauty of autumn's early sky, and the enchantment of one of earth's heavens—failed to chain my mind to present circumstance. Unyoked imagination scaled the walls of futurity, and I was seated in the hall of preparatory science, with eyes of light and soul of flame, or wandering in nature's self-cultivated gardens—with those who thought as I thought, and felt as I felt.

We had reached the borders of the village of P——, which was to be my house while fitting for a higher institution, when my wakefnl dreams were fearfully broken. The roar of the cataract on which P—— was situated fell deep and threatening on the ear as we approached the spot where the mirror stream was broken into a thousand forms of wildness and terror—where beauty was borne away in the high arms of sublimity. All was still save the heavy voice of the waters, and to my unaccustomed ear that voice spoke uncertainty and danger.

An angle in the road presented the mighty wall of water against which the departing sun threw broad lines of gold. A cry of agony bursting from a multitude of voices rose above the thunder of the waves as they madly dashed from their giddy heights among the trembling rocks. That cry! it entered my soul. Oft in later days has that cry roused my sickly slumbers. What! exclaimed my father, who had long rode in silence, and there was a pause like death! There came a thousand calls—sounding despair—a boat! a boat! At that instant a youth sped towards us. As he approached, my father in an eager tone demanded the cause of the uproar; but the youth sprung from the path and in a breath was speeding on his way. I marked him well. He was slender of form, but the every movement of his limbs, and the knit determination of his brow, bespoke—

"The arm to do and soul to dare."

He heeded not the question of my father—he turned not his eyes towards us, but sped on as though fate was hanging on his exertions.—We saw upon the bank the gathering multitude, and the cause of that gathering. A boy of eight summers, had ventured to the middle of the stream some distance above the cataract, become intimidated, unshipped an oar, and was slowly, but with awful certainty drawing nearer and nearer the tremendous chasm.

We arrived at the bank. The father, the mother and the sister of the deveted boy, were there. I cannot describe—but there was a breaking up of the soul's deep fountains—a

hopeless bitterness of despair. As the boat fell down and down, the child stretched out his arms, and cried, Father! Father! in a tone of unspoken bitterness of despair. Oh, Heaven! My Boy! My God! Save! Save!—The mother stood like a statue, motionless and tearless—the sister——. At that instant a boat shot out from a point above, and was thrown with a strong and steady arm down the middle of the stream. All was hushed—George Monfred! exclaimed a youth who stood upon our carriage wheel—and that name passed from lip to lip as the person in the hindermost boat was recognized.

When that murmur was passed, the youth who had given it rise, drew his Lapine, and entwining the guard in his fingers, held it with a firm grasp and glancing alternately at the boats and his watch, breathed audibly—My Monfred—James—My George—Oh! Monfred!—I now saw that Monfred was the same whom we had met. From that moment he took possession of my soul. The gazers on, had given in their minds, the little James Hilton to the rocks and the waves, and now shuddering lest the monster cataract should gain two victims, they sent one common voice across the water, that George should desist, and venture no farther. He heard but turned not, only to mark the direction of his object.

There moved they on to threat'ning death.

I have passed since that time, through scenes of breathing peril, but never was hope, despair, life, uncertainty, death and all of soul pressing interest, so crowded into one moment;—and nothing left in that moment to occupy my stern exertions.

A few regular sweeps brought the determined Monfred near the periled boat. Every eye was riveted and each breath suppressed. By a movement combining strength and skill, he brought his boat to the other in such a manner as to secure the greatest advantages for safety and expedition and at that instant pronounced with a quick but collected tone, James, come! He heeded not the words but threw himself pale and quivering upon the boat's bottom. George caught his own bow-rope and sprung—James swung for a moment above the water and landed safely in the upper boat. In an instant the first stroke of the oars *against the current*, deadened but did not stop their approach to the wild waves of death—they descended still. Every nerve on land and water is strung. He strains again—the deserted boat poised for an instant on the moving verge—is plunged beneath, and they still approach the same awful line. He strains again, and appears to receive aid from nerves on shore, involuntarily acting with his. The boat stands—again, a last, a determined effort. I see the oars bend almost to breaking, but the current yields. Again——again and a shout of triumph fills the air and drowns the cataract's voice—They are safe! They are safe!

(*To be Continued.*) Hawley.

Items of News.

In looking at Europe at the present time, we cannot but perceive that a general and mighty convulsion is about to take place. The new French government is rapidly consolidating and acquiring confidence at home, and respectability abroad. With a regular army of nearly 500,000 men and a National Guard of double that number, and supported by the present administration in England, France stands forth the arbiter of Europe, and manifests a determination to resist the interference of the three great despotic sovereigns, for the suppression of liberal measures in the neighboring minor states. In this state of things Belgium has declared herself forever separated from Holland, and is now establishing a free and separate government. The prospects of Spain are doubtful. The Constitutionalists are making frequent excursions into the northern provinces, and the whole country is in an unsettled state. The British ministry have adjourned the recognition of Don Miguel *sine die*. When he has succeeded (say they) in proving himself a ruler of Portugal *de jure*, as well as *de facto—and not till then*—will the virtue of his claim be admitted. The mountains of Switzerland are again echoing to the shouts of liberty, and the land of Tell bids fair to regain her independence. An attempt has lately been made to revolutionize the city of Milan, but was suppressed by the Austrian soldiery. Insurrections have also broken out at Hanau in Hesse Cassel, and at Koningsburg, the ancient capital of Prussia. But the most interesting intelligence is from a part of Europe where the sun of freedom seemed to have set forever. On the evening of the 29th of Nov. an insurrection was commenced in Warsaw by the under ensigns to prevent the ignominious execution of twelve students, who had been sentenced by a court martial to be shot for having sung the Marsellois hymn. They immediately took possession of the arsenal where were 70,000 guns, and 100 pieces of cannon which were distributed among the people; and the next day the Russian troops were driven beyond the Vistula.

MARRIED,

In this villlage, on Thursday evening, (Feb. 10th,) by Rev. J. Z. Nichols, Mr Wm. Y. Ripley to Mis Jane B. Warren.—Also, on Thursday last, Mr Horace Wood to Miss Maria Glinn.—Also, on the 30th ult. by Rev. Silas Crane, Mr Moody, of Malone, N. Y. to Miss Almira Sumner.

DIED,

In this village, Monday morning last, Mrs Abigail Powell, wife of Mr Albert Powell, aged 31 years. In Hinesburgh, 25th ult. Mrs Amy, wife of Mr Jonathan Alger, aged eighty-five years.